

TRIFLES
IN
VERS E.

BY

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QUOD SI ME LYRICIS VATICIBUS INSERES!

HOR.

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1796.

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HOME.

How oft in Fancy's solitary hour,
When Contemplation holds her silent reign,
Thou, hath thy sheltering bliss, thy healing power,
In verse to praise thee warm'd the Poets brain!

every region where the human race
Is doom'd to pass Life's momentary span,
Thine all-attracting features, Home, we trace,
The universal sentiment of man.

Whether in ill-thatch'd cottage thou art found,
Or proudly seated in the stately dome,
Equal in each thy valued gifts abound,
With equal ardour fought by all that roam.

The care-crown'd monarch 'midst the toil of state,
The peasant working for his daily bread,
Each homeward hies him oft at evening late,
Blessing alike the palace, and the shed.

The hardy mariner tofs'd far and wide,
By storm-blown billows on the boisterous sea,
The soldier train'd to death, his country's pride,
At distance turn their wistful eyes on thee.

Knee-deep in snow, or drench'd in dripping dew,
The weary sportsman heeds approaching night
Listless his footsteps loiter, 'till he views,
His Home's sure mark, the cloud-capt chimney
height.

The traveller counts the slow-recurring stone,
 Obscurely carv'd with many tedious miles,
 Dreary he droops, heart-fallen, and alone,
 Till rous'd by far-drawn glimpse of Home, he
 smiles.

He smiles, and gaily feels returning strength,
 His pace quick answers to the whistled song,
 He leaves to murmur at the journey's length;
 Such charms to Home, e'er yet enjoy'd, belong.

When the tir'd horse, at sight of well-known lane,
 Exerts with willing speed each way-worn limb,
 No more he needs the spur's compulsive pain,
 His stall is Home, in all it's sweets, to him.

The bust'ling spaniel scours the thorny brake,
 In free obedience to his lord's decree,
 As when the homeward path the shooters take,
 And hearth-rug-nap rewards his industry.

Nor let the young attachment be forgot,
 Of school-boy scratching sad his puzzled head,
 Whose tearful memory dwells upon the spot,
 Where the vacation's playful hours were sped.

Where far from classick labour, and the fear
 Of usher stern, or ruder six-form boy,
 Far from the chance of chastisement severe,
 His native Home each moment cloath'd in joy

(How recollection glows upon the cheek,
 As o'er the early scenes of life it strays!
 How prone in manhood is the tongue to speak
 Of sports that crown'd the school boy's holliday

Yet let not those thy happiest moments claim,
 Of social Nature's kindred ties afraid,
 Who mope in singleness, their own the blame,
 The stingy bachelor, or starchy maid.

No, much-priz'd Home, thy choicest gifts are found
 Beneath the genial roof, where, e'en for life,
 In silken chains of fond affection bound,
 Heav'n-match'd reside the husband, and the wife.

But most if these prolific joys have blest,
 And health-clad children grace the toy-spread
 dome ;
 There rival infants crowd to be carefs'd,
 There most we mark thy fairest features, Home.

Here by thick-branching interests employ'd,
 The busy parent plies his pleasing pains,
 His mind ne'er slumb'ring in Life's uselefs void,
 His heart-strings ever tun'd to tender strains.

Or let us flighting pass the social board,
 The mirthful meeting of congenial minds,
 The long-cork'd flask, with liberal Welcome pour'd,
 Flask, that the closer chord of Friendship binds.

O! Home, how passing pleasant is thy state,
 What satisfaction sparkles in thine eye,
 When long unseen, unlook'd for, at thy gate
 The quondam crony of our youth we spy!

Him first with heart-projected hand we greet,
 And questions quick, impatient of reply,
 With hint of bed well air'd, and chamber neat,
 And all the lures of hospitality.

Then in alternate tales of this and that,
 Of strange adventures since we parted last,
 Cheer'd by the billet's bouncing blaze we chat,
 And soon, too soon, the twilight hour is past

ere
 Such are thy blessings, Home, e'er envious Time
 Heap on diminish'd strength autumnal woes,
 While yet the rosy fun of Manhood's prime,
 Round Life's short noon it's cloudless
 throws.

Yet not confin'd to these thy bounteous store ;
 Comforts flow still from thee, when joys are fled.
 When Youth, and vernal vigour are no more,
 When Age and Sickness droop th' enfeebled head.

For O! how plaintive Pity pleads for those,
 Thro' distant paths whose business 'tis to roam,
 If on their progress dire disease impose
 It's hope-arresting mandate, far from Home !

Far from that Home, whose soul-composing pow'r,
 Can still the struggles of departing breath,
 Can give religious calmness in the hour,
 The awful, all-o'erwhelming hour, of Death !

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ANCIENT TALE.

WHERE midway rising from the valley's side,
 Yon mould'ring mansion rear'd it's tower-capt pride,
 Where rows of spreading beech, and age-bent oak,
 In fashion's spite have brav'd the woodman's stroke,
 Where from the landscape grand impressions start,
 Far from the spruce-shorn scenes of modern art,
 There in times past, as rural records say,
 A Baron held his hospitable sway.
 In early life, the high-born Briton led
 A blooming partner to the bridal bed,
 Whose fair perfections words despair to paint,
 A form a Venus, and in mind a saint.

The neighbouring hamlets, and the country round,
 Cease not her grateful praises to resound,
 But 'midst applauding tales, beyond the rest
 One roots remembrance in the listner's breast.
 Three blisful years this noble pair had spent,
 On love, and all connubial rites intent,
 When to the hardy chace (O fatal day
 To plighted faith) the Baron led the way,
 Secure of foot, and dauntless from the vale,
 Starts the tall stag—the horns his presence hail,
 In vain o'er distant lands his doom he flies,
 By numbers vanquish'd, far from home he dies!
 The Baron foremost of the rival train,
 Gives the death-holla to the sounding plain.
 Short was the winter day, and now the sun,
 Sunk in the west, it's lessen'd course had run,
 The black horizon thicken'd to the sight,
 And evening dark, was lost in darker night.
 The big round drops slow-pelted from the sky,
 Deceitless heralds of the tempest nigh!

By cold and hunger press'd, the weary knight,
Wistful of shelter, heeds a taper's light,
That from a narrow casement casts it's ray,
Gilding the dumefts of departed day.

(Fain would he strive his mansion to regain,
Where his fond partner waits in anxious pain,
But knows in such an hour, such wish is vain.)

The cottage door invites, resolv'd he goes,
An humble suppliant for a night's repose.

"Enter, an aged matron cries, and try

"The boon of rustic hospitality.

"Small are our means, and little do we know

"Of forms, and greetings such as courtiers show,

"But to the wand'ring stranger we impart

"A share of all we have, with all our heart."

Thus welcom'd he dismounts, surpriz'd to find,

So small a house contain so great a mind.

The widow heaps the fire, and for the rest,

Commands her daughter to attend their guest.

The willing damsel spreads the simple treat,

And bids with kind concern the stranger eat.

His hunger banish'd, and his thirst allay'd,
 The Baron closer marks his waiting-maid.
 Her auburn tresses, and her hazel eye,
 Her skin transparent, teeth of ivory,
 Her rising bosom, and her form so light,
 In russet garments veil'd, arrest his sight.
 Beauty's fell force, the lure of artless charms,
 He feels, and tempts the maiden to his arms.
 The maiden yields to black Corruption's pow'r,
 And bends like Danaë to the glittering show'r.
 E'en the brib'd mother is decoy'd by gold,
 And thinks her daughter's fame right-dearly sold!
 In lawless love they pass the hours away,
 'Till wak'd to Conscience by returning Day,
 The Baron to his mansion speeds, and hears
 The painful hist'ry of his lady's fears,
 Who sad had trembled thro' a night of woe,
 To think what dire mischance her lord might know
 He, still the slave of lust, betakes him oft
 To base concealment in the cottage lost.

Oft flies th' embraces of his injur'd dame,
 To fan with breath impure a truant flame.
 With noxious haste report of ill is spread,
 And soon the flighted partner of his bed,
 Is told of all the game her Lord pursues,
 And thus in Wisdom's strain is heard to muse.
 " Alas! that men are false is nothing new!
 " Nor will resentment make the rebels true.
 " Still to my patient arms my Lord shall come,
 " No jealous taunts shall keep him far from home.
 " If the few charms, which once his fancy prais'd,
 " Are mine no more; if fresher tints have rais'd
 " A flame less chaste, in silence I'll endure
 " Wrongs which the tongue of strife cou'd never
 " cure.
 " Yet sure the humble tenement where now
 " My faithless Lord forgets his marriage-vow,
 " Is cold, and comfortless, and ill possess'd
 " Of needful trappings for a noble guest.
 " His much priz'd health may suffer, thus to share
 " A bed of straw, and meal of coarsest fare,

" Tho' great his error, still endearments past,
 " Rivet my grateful fondness to the last.
 " In haste then to the cottage I'll repair,
 " And mark it's various wants with tender care,
 " Sheets white as snow, and bed of softest down,
 " And gay-wrought carpets from the nearest town
 " I'll send; with dresses for my rival dame:
 " For who thus tempted but had done the same?
 " Perchance such kindness may in time renew,
 " Transports like those oft tasted, when he flew,
 " With warm impatience, to my love-spread arms
 " Found rapture there, nor dreamt of other
 " charms."

She said, and gives the word—her orders fly—
 With this for Need, and that for Luxury.

The straw-crown'd cot is fill'd, and the loose fair
 Is deck'd in ribbons gay, and garments debonair.
 Her beauteous form the Baroness surveys,
 And, " well such smiles might lure my Lord," she
 says,

"How cou'd I think man's nature wou'd oppose,
 "Cheeks that with roses vie, and breath more sweet
 "than those."

Pleas'd with her work of love, now homeward went
 The noble dame, impatient of th' event.
 Short were her doubts. Pretenceful of the chace,
 The Baron hastens to his hiding place;
 Arriv'd, to silent wonder, words succeed.

"Sure I have mis'd the cottage in my speed!
 "Speak, speak, my charmer, whence this alter'd
 "state?"

"What strange enchantment guides the hand of
 "Fate?"

Some fairy's wand the hovel has o'erspread,
 And to a palace turn'd a peasant's shed.
 Some witch has trimm'd thee thus, in trappings
 "gay,

The cottage girl no more, but splendid Queen of
 "May."

No witch, for thee, my Lord," the matron cries,
 But your own wedded dame these gifts supplies.

“ With grief she saw how comfortless you far’d,
 “ When my poor daughter’s russet sheets you shar’d,
 “ And thought it piteous hard that you embrac’d,
 “ A form so fair, by garb so foul disgrac’d.
 “ Much danger to your person she foretold,
 “ By downy bed unshelter’d from the cold,
 “ And cautious spread these carpets, lest a nail
 “ Shou’d from the loose-join’d floor your feet assail.
 “ And many a charge she parting left behind,
 “ That strict attention here her Lord shou’d find.”
 With self-reproaching heart, and visage pale,
 The Baron listens to the widow’s tale.
 Gives to the wond’rous story credit due,
 Breaks from the cot, nor breathes one kind adieu:
 Homeward with spurring haste he flies, to feel
 Affection’s sting more sharp than pointed steel.
 As when th’ unwary setter springs the game,
 He meets his master’s eye with crouching shame,
 Crawls at his feet, the stern rebuke to take,
 With looks that save his stripes, for Pity’s sake!

So to his dame with self-condemning sigh,
 The Knight deplor'd his foul inconstancy.
 Forgiveness undeserv'd besought, and swore
 To live for her alone for evermore.
 The dame rewarded for the guileless art,
 That rous'd to constancy her husband's heart,
 Seals reconciliation with a fond embrace,
 Nor heeds the cottage more, the damsel, or the chace.

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FABLE

FROM THE

SPECTATOR.

" Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas

" Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac

" Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem."

HORACE, Sat. 1.

happen'd on a certain day,

how long ago I cannot say,

Diogenes went to heaven above,

to say " how d'ye do?" to Jove.

Diogenes, we may hence infer,

was a wise philosopher.)

The thunderer welcom'd him to court,
 And kindly show'd him all the sport
 The place afforded. " At my feet
 " Behold, says Jupiter, a seat.
 " 'Tis your's—And now to raise your mirth,
 " The queer petitions that from earth
 " Are sent, shall to your ears ascend,
 " When this trap-door I raise—attend"
 He said, and drew the bolt. The door
 Flies quickly open just before
 Menippus, who in dread surprise,
 Hears a din of mortal cries,
 Worse than hounds in kennel howling,
 Grieving, groaning, grumbling, growling.
 'Midst the mingled buz appear,
 Some words familiar to his ear.
 Such as " riches, honors, life,
 " Spare my lover,—take my wife,—
 " 'Titles, houses, places, credit,
 " Beauty, youth, precedence, merit."

These in all languages are hurl'd,
 From ev'ry nation in the world.
 But soon the hum subsides, and now
 Ev'ry pray'r, and ev'ry vow,
 Clear'd from it's station 'midst the rout,
 Lie plainly one by one made out.

The first which sage Menippus heard,
 Was a petition for a beard ;
 Of grave, and consequential length,
 Demonstrating vast mental strength.
 Menippus knew Licander's tone,
 And smokes the vanity thus shown
 By an old moralist of Greece,
 To have we seen the pomp increase,
 Of city Vicar strutting big,
 Under a Bishop-looking wig.)
 Merchant next in earnest pray'r,
 Commends his ship to Jove's kind care ;

And vows if safely it return,
Incense and sacrifice to burn.

“ Thank you for nothing,” Jove replies,
Then turning round his head, he spies
A lover’s wish on sighs imported,
Who an Ephesian widow courted.

Begging the God her heart to soften.

“ I hear you, friend, says Jove, and often

“ Have mark’d your piety, and therefore

“ Leave shilly shally, why and wherefore.

“ Boldly attack the widow’s trenches ;

“ By storm you must subdue such wenches.

“ Her arts no longer can defend her ;

“ I have dispos’d her to surrender.”

And now a heap of vows arise,
Filling the heav’ns with their cries,
Loudly pray a nation all,
That no mischief may befall

Their noble King. But 'midst the sound
 Whispers low are heard around,
 Expostulating with their God,
 And saying, 'twas extremely odd,
 And made the people ask in wonder,
 Where Jove cou'd have mislaid his thunder,
 That not one bolt it's vengeance shed,
 Upon their cruel tyrant's head?
 Prevaricating dogs, says Jove,
 Thus do you treat the powers above?
 But punishment shall not be wanted,
 For know—your loudest prayer is granted."

Odours next, and fragrance sweet,

float around Menippus' feet,

Who of Jove desires to know,

Whence such perfum'd zephyrs blow.

Lo, says the God, a General now

Of a large army makes a vow.

" And from his costly sacrifice,
 " All these grateful scents arise.
 " The modest wish he wou'd attain,
 " To see an hundred thousand slain,
 " Of enemies drawn up to fight him!
 " Such bloody murder would delight him.
 " Must then so many brave men bleed,
 " To swell his pride?—I scorn the deed—
 " What does he think I see in him,
 " That just to please his idle whim,
 " I shou'd command such crowds to go,
 " Helter-skelter down below?

" But hark, says Jupiter, I hear
 " A voice that often meets my ear.
 " This voice, I recollect, escapes
 " From one who always is in scrapes,
 " And sure as fate, the rogue I see,
 " Shipwreck'd in the Ionian sea.

" But three days past, I saw him lying
 " In the ocean, flound'ring, dying,
 " And sav'd him on a plank, because
 " He promis'd to obey my laws,
 " And swore he'd build a grand erection,
 " In honor of my kind protection.
 " Tho' at the time I knew that he
 " Was as poor as poor cou'd be."

" But yonder, says the God, in truth
 " You may observe a pretty youth.
 " Who most devoutly prays, that I
 " Wou'd cause his father soon to die,
 " Because much cash he has about him,
 " Which Pickle wants to spend without him.
 " But if such greediness may please him,
 " Old square-toes long shall live, to tease him."

A damsel next, not very young,
 Nor handsome, prays with lisping tongue,
 In accents soft, that Jove wou'd try,
 To make her please a royal eye.
 For nothing's good enough for her,
 Below a Prince, or Emperour.
 Menippus scarce cou'd comprehend,
 What the vain Lady cou'd intend
 By her request; and musing sat,
 Lost in thought on this and that.
 But from his reverie was shaken,
 By murmurs bland, at first mistaken,
 For gale of Zephrys, such as blow
 In Tempe's vale on earth below.
 Yet soon his blunder he discovers,
 Whilst clouds of sighs from whining lovers,
 Through the trap-door he espies,
 In tender numbers as they rise.
 The ambient air they scent, like showers
 Warmly shed on herbs, and flowers,

To these succeed impassion'd sounds,
Torments, arrows, poison, wounds,
Perjur'd vows, relentless Hate,
Hearts of stone, Despair, and Fate.

" Sure some execution dread,

" Is taking place, Menippus said,

" Or some torture is inflicted,

" On poor wretches, late convicted

" Of horrid crimes, whose punishment,

" Makes them groan thus and lament."

" No, no, says Jove, from Paphos' isle,

" Comes this string of nonsense vile.

" For lovers, when their loves are shy,

" Groan and squall eternally.

" The creatures make me sick, I swear,

" For whether I refuse their pray'r,

" Or grant it, still they're not content."

So saying for a blast he sent,

and orders that all future pray'rs,

from lovers, shou'd be blown down stairs.

From an old man, deaf, blind and lame,
The final invocation came.

When his birth day happen'd last,
Fourscore years and ten had past
O'er his whiten'd head. Yet he
Fain another year wou'd see.

" One year more, says he, and I

" Then with much content will die.

" There's an unconscionable fellow, Jove

" Remarks, believe me, 'tis above

" Twenty years ago, the vow

" First he made which he makes now.

" At fifty, but one wish he had,

" To see his son, a booby lad,

" Fairly grown to man's estate,

" This I grant—but then his great

" Concern is for protracted life,

" To see his daughter made a wife.

" This too I grant—yet not content,

" To school his grandson he has sent,

" And prays, with earnest expectation,
 " To overlook his education.
 " Still he is humour'd—Yet once more,
 " To live to build a house, before
 " Death takes him, fervently he prays,
 " In short, the utmost length of days,
 " That I can give, will never mend him.
 " To Charon therefore I must send him."

As thus th' enraged thund'rer said,
 The trap-door clos'd upon the head
 Of ev'ry sky-blown supplication,
 And quick as solar ray, his station
 Menippus reassum'd below,
 Still laughing at Jove's raree-show !

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TRANSLATION OF A LATIN ODE PUBLISHED IN THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1794.

ON THE FLIGHT OF A TAME HAWK.

NURS'D from thine opening shell with anxious
care,
Fondly protected from each threat'ning woe,
Why didst thou, foolish Hawk, thy flight prepare,
Why from thy much wrong'd master wou'dst
thou go?

Think with what kind attention did he haste,
Daily delicious morsels to convey,
Knowing and careful to indulge thy taste,
With entrails, dainty food to birds of prey.

Oft when thine angry talons were display'd,
 In savage wish tormenting war to wage,
 Oft did he meet their fury undismay'd,
 Resolv'd by patience to repel their rage.

Resolv'd thy rebel nature to subdue,
 And tame to manners mild thy ruthless breast,
 Soft winning ways he taught thee to pursue,
 Taught thee to live caressing and caress'd.

Thy downy pole, perch'd on his finger's end,
 With gentle hand thy master us'd to pat,
 Call'd thee fond names, "poor fellow," "little
 friend,"
 Nor scorn'd to sooth thee with endearing chat.

Still, as thy ruff'd plumes devoid of grace,
 Tarnish'd the beauty of thy pencil'd crest,
 Thy master smooth'd each feather to its place,
 Or wash'd with cleanly care thy speckled breast.

And when disease assail'd thy little frame,
When all the spirit of thine eye was fled,
With healing remedies thy master came,
And strew'd with leaves, or downy moss, thy bed.

As! poor bird, what is thine alter'd fate!
Where dost thou wander through the weary space?
Where thine expected dinner dost thou wait,
Unus'd to kill, untutor'd to the chase?

Now say, what instinct prompts thee now to shun
The subtle trap, or snare of wilely boy?
How dost thou flee the murder-dealing gun,
Or bird-lime-twigg, well baited to destroy?

Strive again thy wand'rings to retrace,
By Wisdom taught, how dreary 'tis to roam;
On swift wing thy master to embrace,
Who sad, recalls thee to thy happiest home!

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WRITTEN AT AN INN.

WHEN early the sun sinks in winter to bed,
 and the western horizon gleams faintly with red,
 When the mists of the Ev'ning rise thick from the
 vales,
 Darkness creeps on, and hush'd Silence prevails,
 th' approach of Night's gloom, o'er the rest of
 his course,
 The Traveller mourns for himself, and his horse ;
 and bewails his hard fate, forc'd alone thus, and
 weary,
 way to pursue through roads dirty, and dreary.

But when safe in his Inn, and his horse at the
 manger,
 how snug he reflects on past darkness and danger !

His fire now so warm is, his steak so well dress'd
His wine (gin and floe-juice) so truly the best!
The arm-chair so easy, the bed-room so neat,
The warming-pan ready, and Molly so sweet!
So gratefully Slumber incircles his brow!
No hero more blest than our Traveller now!

Can an Inn, then, such comfort impart, midst
squall
Of Waiter! Boots! Chambermaid! Ostler! and
Far from home, far from spouse, far from child
and friend,

Can the Traveller fancy all care at an end?
The reason my muse in few words shall explain
To Contrast we owe all our pleasure and pain:
For Cause and Effect are confounded in this,
That Blifs leads to Woe, and then—Woe leads
Blifs.

THE CHACE.

A FABLE.



LIFE is a Chace. With game in view,
Our mortal sports we all pursue!
In infancy we forward press,
Eager the rattle to possess.
Sound-like give tongue, and loudly squall,
For dolly, sugar-plum, or ball.

When older grown, tho' chang'd the game,
Our pains to take it are the same.
We steal away through hedge, and thicket,
To leap-frog, prisoners-bars, or cricket,

With watchful eye, and quick'ning pace,
We lead the man of rod a chace,
Double, and squat, and grin to find,
Old square-toes still so far behind.

In manlier days, with varied sport,
We're hunters all from cot to court.
Kings hunt supplies, men badger Kings,
For title, place, or other things,
All join the universal cry,
Each turn at fault, still hunting 'till we die.

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A SONNET.

POOR William is press'd to go fight the King's
foes,

And sadly fails o'er the wide main,

He thinks on his Susan, and sighs, for he knows

He may never behold her again!

O Susan, lov'd maiden, how short seem'd the days,

When with thee the fond moments were spent,

When I kiss'd and caress'd thee, and swore, no
delays

Shou'd my wedding with Susan prevent.

“ When at sun-rise I met thee beneath the tall elms
Or at eve on the banks of the Lee,
Where I vow'd that no lad in his Majesty's realm
Shou'd come betwixt Susan and me.

“ Whilst now I sail from thee, will Susan be true
Will she think of her William at sea?
Will she pray that the slow-passing hours may be few
E'er Peace shall set mariners free?

“ If she falsely forget me, and listen to those
Who merit her scorn and disdain,
I'll seek thee, kind Death, amidst merciless foes
For I ne'er must see Susan again!”

THE PARSONAGE.

NOT remote from a Church where the Peasants
 implore
 Forgiveness, good harvests, and ale,
 Screen'd from notice, and far from the town's busy
 roar,
 The Parsonage stands in the vale.

No Architect plann'd it, no fanciful head,
 Ever trac'd Capability here,
 Where Nature first plac'd them the lofty trees spread,
 And the stream straggles narrow, and clear.

But Peace, gentle Peace, her fair mantle has thrown
 O'er the landscape, where strangers to Strife,
 In Friendship, and Love, little knowing, or known,
 Live the Rector, his children, and wife.

Tho' humble their lot, yet if happiness spring
 From the mind, surely happy are they,
 By Constancy guarded from Jealousy's sting,
 They exist but to love and obey.

With ears tun'd to harmony, oft they unite
 The sounds of soft musick to raise,
 Oft enliven the gloom of a long winter's night,
 By chanting their rustical lays.

Thus unpamper'd by Wealth, unincumber'd
 State,

They glide down the current of Life,
 And leave their superiours to envy the fate
 Of the Rector, his children, and wife.

ACROSTICK.

U-NDER thine auspicious shade,
 M-idst the shower's drowning force,
 S-eauteous forms in silks array'd,
 R-un secure their destin'd course.
 E-ach fair maid thine aid implores,
 L-ounging snug tho' hailstones pelt her,
 L-aughing whilst the torrent roars,
 A-t the general helter-skelter.

ANOTHER.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

R-ANGER, poor fellow, take my last adieu!
A- fatter dog ne'er liv'd, nor died, than you.
N-or yet in fat alone all dogs excelling,
G-uns cou'd not better guard your master's dwelling
E-ach day I miss you, to the dinner true,
R-anger, poor fellow, take my last adieu!

A FARMER'S EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone an honest Farmer lies,
 Hoping hereafter like "bare grain" to rise,
 And bring a decent sample from his clay,
 When the last trump proclaims a general market-
 day.

Robust his stature, and sincere his meaning,
 He plough'd, and reap'd, and gave the poor the
 gleaning.

'Tis thought he mow'd too well, and hence 'tis
 owing,

That Time, with jealous scythe, has beat him out
 at mowing.

EPITAPH

ON THE GRAVE OF A BROTHER AND SISTER
WHO DIED IN CHILDHOOD.

IN equal youth and innocence array'd,
Here rest a lovely boy, and beauteous maid!
Few were their years, their joys and sorrows few
And small the guilt their gentle bosoms knew!
Reader, tho' Vigour's prime be thine to day,
Learn, from their early doom, to "watch and pray"

A SONNET.

How bleak the winds blew when Tom Grog
went to sea!

And how high the waves mounted, yet hearty was he.
Tom never knew fear except once, in his life,
And he fear'd then he shou'd not get Pol for his wife.

When his messinate, Jack Clamber, in fighting
the foe,

And a ball through his lungs, and fell dead at the
blow,

The tears of true friendship, in spite of disguise,
Man'd his hard face, and stole thick from his eyes.

Tom wou'd share his last sixpence in treating
friend,

And fight for his country and king without end,
Tom is dead ! but let England still triumph at sea
Let her Tars never flinch—So shall Britons be free

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH'S

COMPLAINT UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

CROWN, and scepter'd powers, adieu !

in, transient joys you give !

et, ah ! my Antoinette, for you

ill cou'd wish to live.

yal pomp, the pride of Kings,

uit without a sigh,

grief from fond affection springs,

Louis fears to die !

ny, many years, in state

d as Monarchs do,

Louis, destin'd to be great,

val'd Greatness knew !

Vain Delusions! not for you
I ask the boon of Life,
But Death appals me, when I view
My children, and my wife!

TIBULLI ELEGIARUM,

LIBER I. EL. 1. LIN. 45.

UAM juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
 Et dominam tenero continuisse finu!
 , gelidas hybernus aquas cùm fuderit Auster,
 ecurum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!

IMITATED.

OW sweet! when whizzing winds tempestuous
 blow,
 and ruthless gales with swelling thunder roar,
 sweet! in beds of down to nestle low,
 and closer press the bosom we adore!

How sweet! when all around the dark'ning cloud
 Spreads the deep deluge o'er the flooded plain,
 How sweet! just waken'd by the torrent loud,
 To sink, well shelter'd to repose again!

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EJUSDEM,

LIBER III. EL. 3. LIN. 20.

NON opibus mentes hominum, curæq; levantur,
 Nam fortuna suâ tempora lege regit,
 Et mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neæra,
 At sine te, regum munera nulla volo.

IMITATED.

OR woe, and all the mournful cares of Life,
 The hand of Wealth no remedy supplies!
 Superious Fortune, blind to joy or strife,
 Governs as Chance or Fancy may advise!

I ask of Heaven, Neæra, but to share
 The poor man's humble lot, with love and thee
 Without thee by th' immortal Gods I swear,
 The purse of Kings were worse than poverty!

EN!

Mut

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Hic

" ON HIS DEATH-BED POOR LUBIN LIES."

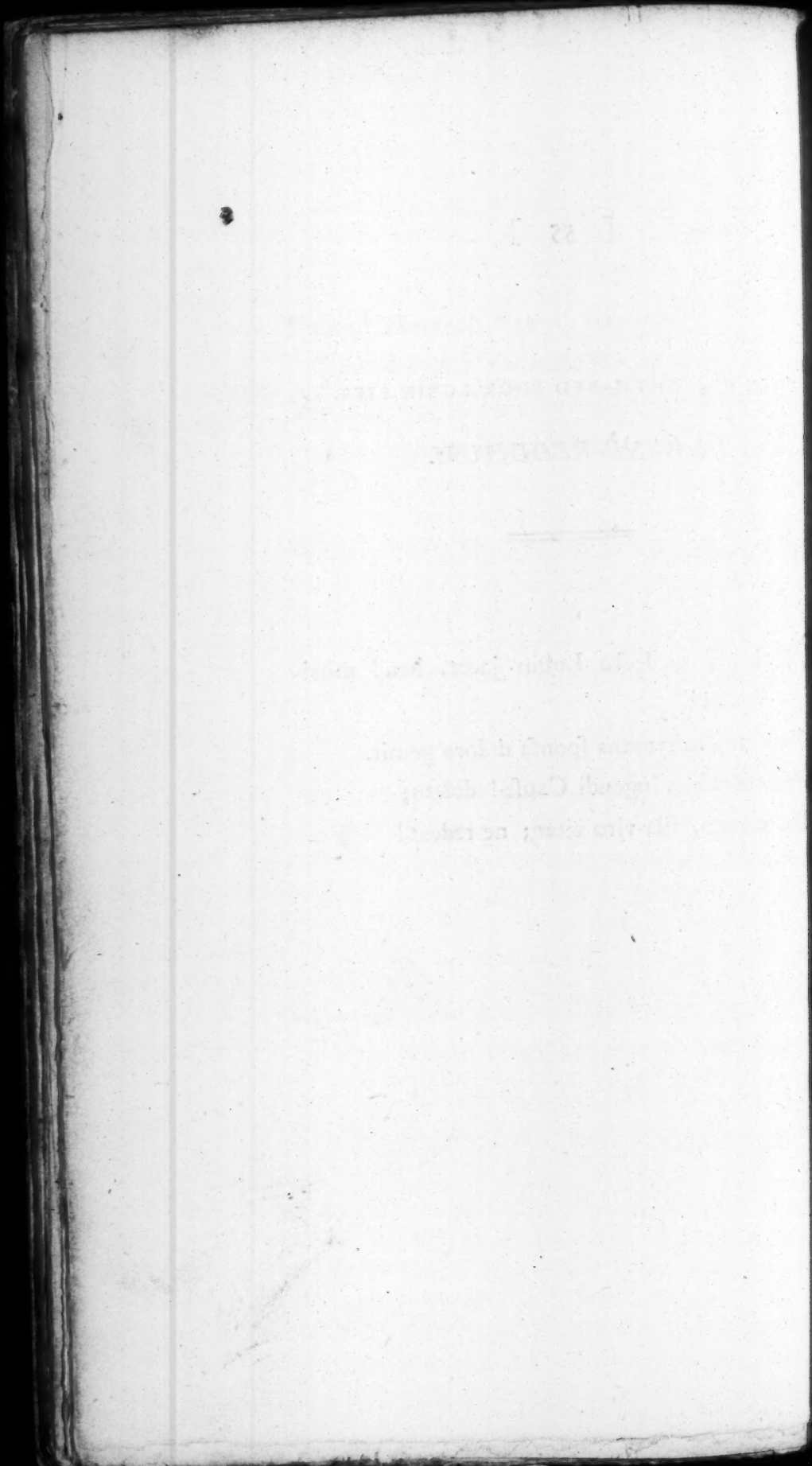
LATINÈ REDDITUM.

EN! bonus in lecto Lubin jacet, heu! mori-
bundus!

Mutuo et illacrymans sponfa dolore gemit.

His diversa tamen lugendi Causa! doletq;

Hic mortem, illa viro vitaq; ne redeat!



WINIFREDA.

O! MEA, dimittas curam, Winifreda, seorsum
 Ex animo. Curam pellere certat Amor,
 Sperne metum in dubiis tristem, fastumq; molestum,
 Quæ nuptisq; juvat tollere dulcis Hymen.

Quòd si non titulo signetur nomen inani,
 Nec tenuem exornet turgida fama domum,
 Nostra tamen claro fulgebit lumine Virtus;
 Qui bonus est, ille haud Nobilitate caret!

Integra dum probitas, dum nos pietasq; coronant,
 Nomina non deerit Laus quoq; nostra loquens.
 Hoc erit insuetum, necnon mirabile dictu,
 Tantus in exiguos cùm tribuatur Honos.

Quòd si non faveat vultu fortuna benigno,
 Atq; negent opibus perfida fata frui,
 Paulùm res angusta tamen, vel dura dolebit
 Paupertas. Parvis munera parva placent!

Multa revolventes concedent commoda nobis
 Anni, et quod fatis est sæcula quæq; ferent.
 Nam cautâ vitam et tranquillâ ducere mente,
 Hoc erit in votis. Hoc, Winifreda, valet.

Indomiti primis, pressive senilibus annis,
 Connubio juncti, juncti animisq; erimus.
 Nostram blanda domum cinget concordia, cingent
 Fertilis Infantes pignora pulchra tori.

Quantus Amor mentem, studium quantumq; tenell
 Implebit prolis, (dulce parentis onus!)
 Brachia dùm tendunt nati, dùm brachia natæ,
 Matri adeò formâ, voce, colore pares.

At si Tempus, edax rerum, invidiâq; redundans,
 Talia vœ! properet gaudia diripere,
 Hæc, ego cum pueris, hæc, tu comitata puellis,
 Rurfûs agemus. Amor sic redivivus erit!

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" WHY WILL FLORELLA WHEN I GAZE ? "

LATINÈ REDDITUM.

SIC, Florella, tuam deflectis, perfida, frontem ?

Crudelissime oculos sic fugis usq; meos ?

Sic faciemne tegis, quæ causa cupidinis una ?

Quâ spectatâ animus turgēt amore meus ?

Contemptum indocilis tolerare, odiumq; nefandum,

Atq; modum curis imposuisse volens,

Lucundas juxta videor properare puellas—

Hic risus, clamo, hîc gratia mollis adest !

Nequāquam infelicem levitèr spes ludit amantem !

Naturam frustra vincere certat Amor.

Formæ alterius placeat mihi pulchra venustas,

Cor tibi sed fido vertitur usq; gradu.

Sic patriâ expulsus, peregrinas qui petit oras,
 Auxilium pœnis cernit ubiq; suis,
 At natale solum, votis, precibusq; requirit,
 Quamvis ^{hæc} certum funus in orbe videt.

" FAREWELL TO LOCHABER."

LATINÈ REDDITUM,

JEÀN dilecta vale, dilecta valeq; Lochaber!

Quà tecum dulcè est plurima lapsa dies!

O! nunquàm, nunquàm tibi vœ! linquenda Lochaber,

Fortè reversurus! Tempus in omne, vale!

Quas fundo lachrymas, tibi fundo, Jeàn mea fauvis,

Vix animum belli dura pericla movent.

~~Quas~~ ^{Tamen} ad amotas nimboſis fluctibus oras,

Te procùl ah fugiens, grata Lochaber, eo!

Si ſtrepitent venti, ſi det quoq; murmura cœlum,

Murmura ſunt animo vœ! graviora meo!

vel
 Quamvis ~~omni~~ toto Tempestas æquore sævit,
 Paulùm hoc linquenti te mihi, cara, nocet.
 Ingemo decedens, etsi benè Gloria dirum
 Excitat ad Bellum, et fama remota pigris:
 Fortes dulcis Amor, fortes Venerisq; coronant
 Munera. Pugnantiem hæc me meruisse velim.

Hinc veniam posco, mea Jeàn, si Gloria mentem
 Occupet, et juvenem martia quæq; trahant.
 Si famâ caream, caream quoq; te, careamq;
 Quâ nequeo vitâ te sine, pulchra, frui.
 Insigne ingredior nomen repetens, et honores,
 Et quandò liceat flectere vela retrò,
 Tunc animum referam, voti, fideiq; tenacem,
 Nec procùl a te iterùm grata Lochaber, eo!

AD AMICUM

QUI LIBRUM MIHI "OXONII DUX POETICUS, AUTORE
M. AUBREIO" DICTUM, MISERAT.

OXONII laudes legi, non immemor acti
Temporis, atq; almæ matris amore frequens.
Quas colui sedes quondam, senioribus annis
Diligo, et Aubrèii carmina grata sonant.
Per fas, atq; nefas, libris, dapibusq; vicissim,
His olim in tectis, Oxoniensis eram.
Quæ puer agnovi, juvenis quæ fortè peregi,
Verbis Aubrèiis tam benè picta, juvant.
Quod aliter longo fractus jam membra labore,
Gaudet equus, celeris voce ~~stripende~~ canis.
Quare loco nescit, studiumq; revertitur ardens
Venandi, sepem transilit, arva petit.
Floreat Alma diu Mater! Bis floreat ille
Oxonii Laudes scribere qui valeat!

sonante

“ GOD SAVE THE KING.”

LATINÈ REDDITUM.

O! NOSTRUM, Deus omnipotens, benè pro-
tege Regem,
Ut Sceptrum vivat sæcula multa tenens!
Militet o! semper truculentos fortis in hostes,
Et felix ævum regnet in omne domi!

Surge, Deus vindex, hostiles sterneq; Turmas,
In quas adversus GEORGIUS arma gerit!
Indignas inimicorum devitet ut artes,
Adsis! oppugnes quæ mala cunq; struunt!

O! Deus, imperti nostro tua munera regi,
Ut vitam ex omni parte beatus agat!
Sit Pacis, Populiq; salus, Legumq; patronus!
Anglia sic, “ Regem protege,” grata canet!

FINIS.